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The Crescent

PACIFIC COLLEGE

Newberg, Oregon



PUBLISHED BY

The Crescent Society.

JANUARY, 1904

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THE CRESCENT.

VOL. XV.

JANUARY, 1904.

NO. 4.

Letter From President McGrew.

I am sure the year is meaning much to every one of you, and I pray as the days of the school year seem slipping so rapidly away, you may seek to make them more and more to yourselves, to your Association, to the other fellows of the college, and most of all to the Christ for whom we should put forth every effort.

Many of you have only recently returned from your State convention, and you are certainly better for having come in touch with the spirit of such an occasion and with the splendid men who always attend them. After all the difficulty is not, in these days that we do not know what is important, but rather that we seem to lack the vital force to put ourselves at the thing and lead a strenuous life for the best things. Some of you in the Association, and perhaps every fellow out of the Association, are not strong in Christian character, simply because you do not bring yourselves up to your true ideal. That man is greatest who has a great ideal, and then is true to himself and so much a master of himself that he can bring himself up to live the great life. "The fault dear Brutus, is not our stars, but in ourselves, that we are underlings." I want you to have supreme faith in God, great faith in humanity, and great confidence in the powers of the universe. Believe that no noble effort is failure, however the immediate results may appear. Put greatness of character in every detail of your lives, paint richness of life in every touch, weave beauty and power into the warp and woof of your life fabric.

I attended a few days ago, the funeral of a great man,

H. Clay Trumble, and heard a wonderful funeral address, the greatest I ever heard, given by Robert E. Spear. I would like to tell you much of the great H. Clay Trumble, who for so many years has been known in every land where the Gospel has been carried, and I would like to tell you too, of the wonderful address, but I can do neither at present, but perhaps just one thought from the speaker may be noted. He spoke of the incident of the young man who was just starting from home. The father asked him to take a last walk with him around the old place before going, and as they walked the son thought the father would give him some parting words of advice, but no such word was spoken until they reached the gate on their return, when the old father put his arm around the boy's shoulder, and looking lovingly into the eyes of the boy, said, "John, always do what you have a mind to do."

O, is that not enough? I think very often of you young men, and I feel that I would love to take a long tramp with each one of you, as I have with some, over the fields and through the splendid woods of Oregon, over the mountains and across the beautiful streams, and then as we returned I would like to stand for a little time with you each one in the quiet twilight while the sunset glow is still rich over the mountains by the sea, and in the quiet of that moment before the old college building, I would place my arm around your strong manly shoulders and simply say, "Always do as you have a mind to do, and have the mind of Christ."

There is a place in the great world for lives like that, place in the community, in society, in the church, great, great place of possibility.

Wishing you every good thing, believe me your friend,

EDWIN MCGREW.

A Washington Chute.

It has been my fortune or misfortune to have the privilege of spending a few summers in the Washington forest. An old logger thinks but little of a log chute; yet there are some of its features that are worthy of mention as a matter of common interest.

The chute is used only on mountains where there is water at the base. The necessity of water will explain itself later. It is made of fir or hemlock poles ranging in length from fifty to one hundred fifty feet. They are firmly placed on the ground, three side by side with the middle one much lower than those on the outside. In this manner the friction is lessened as the weight of the log is almost entirely on one pole, and the two outside poles act as guides to hold them in the wooden track.

At the head of the chute there is a wire cable run through a block, a squaw-hitch is taken on the log, and with a little boost it is off for the pond. Without thinking one can scarcely conceive of the speed with which they go. In watching a log all one can note is a few quick shakes, a thundering sound and a little smoke fly from the chute until the water splashes a mile below. The distance is covered many times in less than a quarter of a minute. Yet in spite of the terrific speed of some, others will stop, if they have knots on them and get turned off of the ride. This would cause one to wonder how hard the next log would strike the one lodged. Well, no one knows how many pounds the blow would be but the effects are very noticeable. Sometimes the blow is followed by a shower of splinters from the front log while the rear one is scarcely damaged.

Another freak that is marvellous is when a log jumps out of its wooden road and flies through the air like an arrow. When ten tons go through the atmosphere it is easy to imag-

ine some of the work it does. They have been known to cut off trees more than twenty feet from the ground, tear great holes in the earth and go tumbling down the mountain shaking the earth enough to make the dew fall from the bushes.

Another thing that seems almost out of reason to mention, yet it is true and needs no questioning, is the fact that when they hit the water, the monster fir log has been known many times to glance and skip along over the entire width of the pond and lay itself high and dry on the opposite bank.

These are only a few of the many imposing things that the logger sees. From the time the tree falls until it reaches the mill it requires skill to handle it and when it gets out of control, frequently the unskilled logger meets with difficulty. People often look upon the "lumber jack" as an ignorant fellow, but still under that old hat, covered with its fir needles, is knowledge that has required years in collecting.

CLEM NISWONGER, '05.

The Two Graves At St. Helena.

Off the coast of Southern Africa a ship is sailing over the broad waves of the Atlantic. In the distance is seen a small island. As the ship draws nearer the passengers crowd to the deck and look in silence on the rock bound coast of St. Helena. Hundreds of miles from any shore, the bare rocks of the desolate isle rise abruptly out of the ocean, and bring a sense of loneliness to the passer-by. To the student of history the place is sacred as the burial place of Napoleon. To the devoted Christian because it holds the grave of that herald of the cross, Mrs. Judson.

It is impossible to peruse the written life of any man or woman who has manifested great intellectual or moral power, whether in a holy cause or an unholy one, without a strong

admiration and a deep sympathy, and a powerful impulse toward imitation." Such is the sentiment expressed by a writer whose view of life was broad and sympathetic. Surely we should give all honor to those who have had the moulding of history. Would that every life were devoted to the uplifting of humanity to a higher plane of living.

Perhaps history affords no greater contrast than the earthly career of Napoleon Bonaparte and Sarah B. Judson, yet by a strange coincident, they, the channel of whose lives lay so far apart, found their last resting place on the shores of the same lonely island: and their dirges were sung by the same restless waves.

Mrs. Judson's was a pure, unselfish life, devoted to the good of others, and the extension of Christ's kingdom on earth. Napoleon's was a life of warfare, building up the kingdom and gaining glory for himself. She had an unfaltering trust and faith in God. When dangers came, her refuge was secure. In trials she knew where to flee for help, and was never defeated in her purposes. Her life was one continuous act of kindness and helpfulness in which selfishness had no part.

On the other hand, his began with warfare and ended with defeat. Although he may have begun with the welfare of France at heart, he became selfish in his ambitions and desired to rule the powers of Europe. During the last years of his life, he had time to reflect on his achievements, and lament his reverses and final downfall.

Napoleon Bonaparte was born on the island of Corsica. The story of twenty years of active service given to France, his adopted country, is twenty years of French history.

His name first appears in history, where, with well organized forces, less than one fifth that of the opposing side, he defeated the National Guard in their attempt to expel the convention then being held at the Tuilleries. This was

but the beginning of Napoleon's great victories. Every student of history is familiar with the achievements of this great soldier, how for a time he changed the whole map of Europe. Raising an immense army, and having nothing with which to pay his men, by his eloquence he inspired them with courage, and in a final struggle on the plains of Rivoli, he compelled his enemies to surrender. Such was the success of Napoleon. He not only conquered in battle, but made peace on his own terms. He was chosen first consul, and later made consul for life, with the privilege of choosing his successor.

At the very height of his power, Napoleon, impelled by selfish ambition, gained a divorce from his wife Josephine and married the Princess Marie Louise. This shameful act marks the reversal of his fortunes.

Then came the great and disastrous Russian campaign in which he gained nothing and lost thousands of his brave soldiers on bloodstained battlefields. Soon after defeated by the allied powers of Europe, he was forced to abdicate, and was then sent to Elba as an exile. In less than a year he returned to France, raised another army, and was defeated by the Duke of Wellington at Waterloo. He was then banished to St. Helena, where, guarded as no other man was, in lonely solitude he spent the short remainder of his life.

The evening before he died there was a terrible storm at sea. As night came on and darkness settled down over land and sea, the storm grew fiercer. The billows roared and foamed. They plunged against the tall, bare rocks with the boom of mighty cannon and shook the island to its very center. It was on this night, when the storm was at its very height but covered by dense darkness, that Napoleon in his delirium waging imaginary battles more terrible than he had ever actually carried on with the armies of France, left this life to meet his judge and eternal destiny. His last words

were "Head of the army."

"Wild was the night, yet a wilder night

Hung 'round the soldier's pillow,

In his bosom there raged a fiercer fight

Than that on the stormy billow."

Montgomery says, "The secret of Napoleon's fall was his utter selfishness. He began nobly by loving France, he ended by caring only for himself." In theory he believed in God. In practice his god was his own will.

While the great Napoleon's career was making history for all the world, in a quiet little New England home a fair young maiden was just taking upon herself the vow to devote her whole life to the cause of Christ. She did not enjoy the advantages of childhood and youth that many have, yet this did not prevent her from living the life of thoughtfulness and self-denial for which she was known throughout her life. Her biographer says of her that "she was gentle and affectionate in disposition, and persuasive and winning in manner," yet she had a quiet firmness and perseverance about her which was bound to win in whatever she might undertake.

At the early age of thirteen she showed a marked talent for poetic composition, and if she had devoted her energies in this direction, who knows but that she might have attained fame in the poetical world. But her calling was higher than this.

She was married to George Boardman, a man fully consecrated to his Master, and full of zeal for his future work, that of missionary to Burmah.

For six years Mr. and Mrs. Boardman labored with untiring energy for the Burmese. They passed through many dangers, and suffered deep afflictions, yet always faithful to duty, they brought joy into many homes where it had never been known before.

Upon the death of her husband Mrs. Boardman was left to care for herself and a little son. Of three courses of life which were open to her, she chose to remain in Burmah and engage in school work for the natives. This she chose not because it was the easiest, not because of her natural inclination, for she was of a modest and retiring disposition, but because of her great love for the people and the desire to win human souls to a better life. She worked from early dawn till late at night, scarcely having leisure for keeping in touch with the homeland and the dear ones there, yet she never faltered, cheered by the consciousness that she was in the path of duty.

Her second marriage was to Rev. Dr. Judson, missionary at Maulman. There she came in contact with many missionaries, who had come from America, but little time was devoted to social intercourse.

Mrs. Judson's new duties were those of superintending schools, conducting bible classes and prayer meetings, and in addition to this she imposed upon herself the task of learning a new language.

Ten years after her second marriage, Mrs. Judson's health began to decline. Her husband determined to leave no means untried to save her life, so decided to accompany his wife to America.

As they journeyed toward their native land she rapidly grew weaker, and when the ship anchored at St. Helena she passed away. There was now no storm at sea. Nature was quiet and peaceful, as was the life that had just gone out. The last hours of the patient sufferer were not filled with bitter reflections of failures. She was looking forward to a better life, and died in peace.

"So fades the summer cloud away;
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er.
So gently shuts the eye of day;
So dies the wave along the shore."

So ended two lives whose names are written on the pages of history. The one gave; the other took. One was a soldier of the cross; the other a soldier of war. One was unselfish and thoughtful of others; the other self-centered and ambitious for self glory. One was a blessing to the world; the other brought sorrow and suffering to thousands. God prepared Mrs. Judson's grave on this lonely island that the beauty of an holy and unselfish life might come to all humanity, standing out in contrast against the dark background of the self-centered life of Europe's great warrior.

GERTRUDE MINTHORN, '04.

THE CRESCENT.

Published Monthly during the College Year by the Crescent Literary Society

CALVIN BLAIR, '04, Editor-in-chief.

LEWIS SAUNDERS, { Associate Editors.
CARL NELSON, }

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BERNICE WOODWARD, { Locals and Personals.
ORVILLE JOHNSON, }

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WILFRED PEMBERTON, '06, Asst. Business Manager

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How much does this proposition lack of being correct? If a student has two hours work to do, and just two hours in which to do it, he will get it done well. If he has three hours in which to do the two hours work, it will take him three hours, and he will get it no better.

The athletic association has made arrangements with Roy Heater, whereby he will have more extensive charge of

the athletics than was announced in the last issue of the Crescent. He will coach the basket ball teams, as well as have charge of the other gymnasium work. He began work with the basket ball teams January 8. The other work commenced soon after the middle of the month. Calva Martin has offered to assist in the bar work, and Chas. Davidson has promised to do some work on the rings and trapeze. Altogether the association has the best prospects for a full program of interesting athletics for the winter term, that it has had for several years.

What are the students of P. C. doing in literary work? If the answer were given it would be a serious charge against college students. No school can claim all of a school's splendor unless the excitement of mental contest predominates. Such is not the case in P. C. We have fun in athletics, but we have no fun in mental gymnastics. For that reason we are missing the real essence of college experience. There is a large number of members in the Crescent society who actually groan with disapproval if some member rises to discuss a parliamentary point. To a large number, a debate is a perfect bore, not to be tolerated more than positively necessary. It is easy to imagine how much spice such members are contributing to the mental life of school. A good program and ready discussions are the prime requisites of a good literary society.

The social life of a college is easiest promoted by those affairs that absorb the attention and interest of all as one body. The value of the social life of students is measured by the impetus or inspiration that comes of being together. A very trivial remark in a private conversation has weight added to it when uttered in public. The grand march is merely walking to and fro: but the presence of a mass of

people all doing the same thing, adds the social element to it, filling an imperative demand of human nature. A college is half dead, unless there is a feeling of social unity permeating the student body. P. C. has an opportunity to make a splendid reform in this line. The urgent necessities are more undertakings in common, more mass meetings of the student body, a more united interest in athletics, oratory, debating, etc. Individuals being sociable with individuals is none the less desirable; but to secure that is not so easily within the reach of all. The most feasible thing to demand our attention in an effort to improve our social functions is to infuse into our college that social zest that comes from concentrated action.

Senior Recital.

On Saturday evening, January 9, the Senior Class began the course of class recitals with a very creditable rehearsal, President Lewis presiding. The class selected their orators without a class contest. The program was as follows:

Instrumental Duet.....	Misses Elsie Mackie and Leora Buchanan.	"Sparks"
Invocation.....	President Lewis	
Oration.....	Calvin G. Blair	"Faith"
Oration.....	Elizabeth M. Kirk.	"Failures"
Oration.....	Carrie B. Turner.	"Night Brings Out the Stars"
Quartet.....	Messrs. Albertson, Kirk, Woodward, Lewis.	"My Love Sleeps"
Oration.....	Gertrude Minthorn.	"The Two Graves at St. Helena"
Oration.....	L. Marvin Blair.	"The Business Career of a Character Test"
Instrumental Solo, "An den Fruhling".....	Mrs. Bertha De Tar Albertson.	Grieg
CLASS ORATORS:		
J. Aubrey Kramien.		
J. Carl Nelson.		

Freshman Contest.

The Freshman class combined their class contest and class recital into one program. They occupied two evenings, the 15th and 16th. The judges were Rev. Gould, Rev. Stanard and J. C. Hodson. They awarded 1st place to Alverta Meats, 2nd to Huber Haworth and 3rd to Paul Maris. The following are the programs for the two evenings:

January 15, 1904.

Instrumental Trio, "Magic Flute".....	Mrs. Albertson, Misses Mackie and Buchanan	Mozart
Oration.....	Mary O'Connor	"Shine Your Boot Heels"
Oration.....	Carrie Nevitt	"The Power of Home"
Oration.....	Paul Maris	"Alexander Hamilton"
Oration.....	Everett Heacock	"The Character of David Livingstone"
Instrumental Music.....	Mabel Newby	"Papillon Roses"
Oration.....	Grace Dulle	"America's Message to the World"
Oration.....	Perry Macy	"Our Moral Progress"
Oration.....	Walter Spaulding	"The Spirit of Self-Sacrifice"
Oration.....	Alverta Meats	"Martin Luther"
Instrumental Solo, "Silbersterne".....	Leora Buchanan	Bohm

January 16, 1904.

Military March.....	Misses Leora Buchanan and Elsie Mackie	Schubert
Oration.....	Mabelle Gardner	"Technical Education"
Oration.....	Leslie Moore	"Spartan Courage"
Oration.....	P. C. Rinehart	"Daniel Webster"
Vocal Solo.....	Orville Johnson	"Out on the Deep"
Oration.....	Sherman Seely	"Freedom of the Pilgrim"
Oration.....	Ruth Wiley	"The Energy of Life"
Instrumental Solo.....	Lelia Littlefield	"Thomas Jefferson"
Oration.....	Shuri Pearson	"Arbitration"
Oration.....	J. Huber Haworth	"The Monopoly of American Welfare"
Oration.....	Roscoe Cahill	
Piano Solo.....	Miss Jessie Britt	

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"There's music in the air."

Class recitals have been raging.

Do you take the Crescent? If not, why not?

Miss Pearl Wilson of Lafayette is a new student this term.

Irving Newman entered school at the beginning of the winter term.

Paul and Ralph Maris enjoyed a visit from their father a few days ago.

Sarah Knight visited with her parents at their home at Rosedale on the 16th.

Grace Guenther, who was in school a part of last year, entered school again this term.

Miss Hendrickson who was in college last year, is taking some studies again this term.

The Fisk Jubilee entertainment was highly appreciated by all the students who attended it.

Carrie Turner entertained her classmates of the class of '04 on Thursday evening, January 21.

Be on the look-out for those Crescent shares soon to be issued. Buy early and avoid the rush.

Snow balls are no respectors of persons. Even the members of the faculty must have their turn.

George and Joe Snipes, Phil Rinehart and Harry Walthers all spent the holidays at their homes in The Dalles.

Miss Cora Dunham was compelled to return to her home in Berkeley, California, at the end of last term, on account of ill health.

Mrs. Roy Heater, a former member of the class of 1906, entertained the lady members of that class at an afternoon tea, January 16th.

Clem Niswonger is still receiving answers to his advertisement. Any one with a fondness for Missouri will receive prompt attention.

Orville Johnson represented P. C. in an executive committee meeting of the State Oratorical Association, held at Albany on January 22nd.

Pres. and Mrs. McGrew's latest photograph shows that they have taken on the customs of the Philadelphia Friends, donning the silk hat and plain bonnet.

Fred George, who has been in poor health for some time, went home on the 16th and has not returned yet. It is doubtful whether he will be able to continue school work this year.

The orators on the local contest, which comes off on the 29th will be as follows: Seniors, Aubrey Kramien, Carl Nelson; Juniors, Eunice Lewis, Clem Niswonger; Sophomores, Walter Miles, Freshman, Alverta Meats.

The Crescent Literary Society elected the following of-

ficers for the winter term: Pres., Carl Nelson; vice-pres., Marvin Blair; secretary, Grace Dudley; critic, Aubrey Kramien; librarian, Verda Crozer; marshal, Worth Coulson.

Basket ball practice is progressing nicely. The boys are doing good work under Heater. The Oregon City game which was to be played on the 22 has been called off as the Oregon City fellows do not seem to be able to muster up a team.

Mrs. Albertson gave a private musical recital at the chapel on the afternoon of the 16th. Among the numbers of the program was a bass solo by Emmer Newby, of the Knox-Kantner Concert Company, which was much appreciated.

The athletic association has undertaken to raise about seventy-five dollars to build an ampitheater onto one side of the gymnasium. It is hoped the plan can be consummated in time to have the building finished for some of the gymnasium tournaments and basket ball games to be given this term under Roy Heater's supervision.

A debating club has been organized. Debating work in the Crescent Literary Society has proven unsatisfactory. The club has been organized to secure more thorough work. There will be two or three debates every week. Lewis Saunders has been elected president, and Paul Maris secretary. The team for the coming debate with Monmouth on March 4 will be selected, probably by the end of this month.

Exchanges.

Christmas number of "The Aegis" is a splendid issue. It contains several stories of considerable literary merit. If we were to make any criticism it would be that too much space is given to stories to the exclusion of more important subjects.

Penn College has abolished the examination system and will promote students wholly from their daily grades and from intermittent quizzes thrown in throughout the term. Students in many other schools feel like saying, "Go thou and do likewise."

Vol. 1, No. 1 of the Houston Crimson, published by Houston school, Spokane, Washington has been received. In its official greeting to the public it tersely sums up the reasons and motives for editing a school paper, which if adhered to insures a good publication. Congratulations on the success of your first issue.

Three jovial travellers were dining together at a hotel, and they agreed that the one who had the oldest name should be exempt from payment.

"My name is Richard Eve," said one. "You must admit that is rather old."

"I go farther back than you," said the second. "My name is Adam Low,"

"The third said nothing, but pulled his card from his pocket on which his companions read the words, "Mr. B. Ginning."

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

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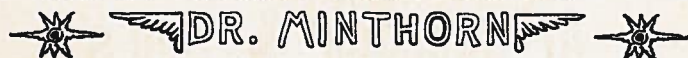
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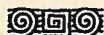
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